

NEW-YORK WEEKLY MUSEUM.

"WITH SWEETEST FLOWERS ENRICH'D, FROM VARIOUS GARDENS CULL'D WITH CARE."

NO. 6.—VOL. XXI.

NEW-YORK, SATURDAY, MARCH 18, 1809.

NO. 1048.

MISTRUST;

OR,

BLANCHE AND OSBRIGHT:

A FEUDAL ROMANCE.

(In Continuation.)

"An! dear father, I cannot prevent their flowing, do all that I can!" replied Blanche, "When any one seems happy, I cannot help smiling; and when any ones dies, I needs must weep. But at least I obey you better than my mother: indeed neither of us talk of Philip, but then she always thinks of him, and is always melancholy. Now I am always gay, and endeavour not to think of him; except when something brings him suddenly before me, and then I cannot help but weep, or else my heart would break in two: for instance, when I look at these play-things, it seems to me as if Philip was present, I think I see him arranging his troops so busily on the ground; I think I hear him entreating me to leave my tiresome tapestry, and observe how bravely he would fight the battle. "The blue," he used to say, "are the vassals of Orrenberg, and the red are the vassals of Frankheim; and——"

"Of Frankheim, Blanche?" interrupted Gustavus, "no, no—that was not what Philip called them; the red, he used to say, are our enemies."

"Yes, yes; our enemies, the vassals of Frankheim."

"You misunderstood him, Blanche: why should Philip call the vassals of Frankheim our enemies?"

"Nay, dear father, are they not so? every one in the castle thinks, and says it."

"They who say so had better not say it in my hearing. The Count of Frankheim is my nearest relation, a man of singular military prowess, and distinguished by many noble qualities. It is true, the dissimilarity of our manners and habits, together with various other impediments; has prevented so cordial an intimacy between the families, as should exist between such near connections; but still I entertain a high respect for the character of the owners of Frankheim, and shall not hear without displeasure those persons called my enemies, whom I would willingly boast of as my friends."

"Your friends? Oh father! would you call those your friends who have poisoned your only remaining son, who have deprived me of an only remaining brother? Ah! should I not call these cruel people our enemies, our worst of enemies?"

"Poisoned my son! poisoned Philip?"

"Nay, it is the common talk of the whole castle! every child on the domains knows it, as well as I do, and trembles at the name of Rudiger, the ruthless child-murderer! nay, has not my mother openly acknowledged that——"

"Blanche!" interrupted Ulrica, hastily, "you go too far; you misrepresent the fact. What have I ever openly acknowledged? I

merely, in confidential conversation, let fall a hint, a sort of suspicion . . . that it was just possible . . . that to judge from appearances . . . that I was almost tempted to think——"

"Aye, Ulrica," replied her husband; "I feared from the very first that you was the original cause of this ill-founded report. Is there no hope then, that my entreaties and advice will ever eradicate from your mind the only dark speck which deforms it? Of all the defects of the human heart, there is none more encroaching, more insidious, more dangerous than mistrust: viewed through her distorted optics, there is no action so innocent, no every-day occurrence so insignificant, that does not assume the appearance of offence. Words are misconstrued; looks are interpreted; even thoughts are guessed at and acted upon as if thoughts were facts; the supposed fault is retaliated by a real one; that one gives birth to more; injury succeeds injury, and crime treads upon the heels of crime, till the web of mischief and misery is complete; and the spectator starts with surprise and horror to find both himself and his adversary equally involved in that guilt, which but for his suspicions would probably have been the lot of neither."

"Nay, Gustavus, why thus severe? what have I done? I assert nothing—I accuse no one: I merely have hinted at the possibility—and that, while I have life and consciousness, I must maintain—to die so suddenly! to day in all the bloom of health, and to-morrow in his coffin!—Oh! that fatal inheritance! to that shall I ever ascribe the loss of my child! And then the livid spots, which broke out on my poor boy's corse—and the agonies which he suffered—the burning heat, and the insatiable thirst which tormented him—and above all the rapid putrefaction—Yes, yes! the moment that I exclaimed—"such a death cannot be natural!" a dreadful light broke in upon me, and——"

"And at that light you have kindled a torch capable of burning to the very ground the house of your unsuspecting neighbour, of your nearest relation! you have inflamed the imaginations of the giddy unthinking multitude, whose rage, if once let loose, and countenanced by their superiors——"

"I inflamed them! oh! you injure me, my husband! it is true, their rage, their hatred against the Count of Frankheim is at this moment extreme; but I have done my utmost to prevent their breaking out into violence. I dread Count Rudiger; but I hate him not, for I will not hate any one; and though your former love for Magdalena once made me fear her influence over your heart, your uniform kindness during many long years has totally erased all such apprehensions from my bosom. Do not then suspect me of stirring up our people to vengeance upon the Frankheimers.—Alas! it needed no instigation of mine to make them understand a tale so clear, a fact so evident, that the murder circulated from lip to lip, ere I had time to impose silence on the death-bed attendants; and every man's own consciousness suggested to him the murderer's name."

"A tale so clear, Ulrica! Before your father's fatal bequest had raised suspicions of each other between the families, you attended Magdalena's lying-in—the child lived but a few hours and expired in your arms. Had Magdalena been as mistrustful as yourself, how well would the tale have been told, that, jealous of my former attachment to the mother, you had privately, while pretending to kiss it, confined the windpipe of the child, or pressed its skull together, or else——"

"Oh! spare me, my husband! yes, such a tale might have been told; Oh! horror! might perhaps have been believed. I will say nothing more; I will accuse no one in future; I will bury all my suspicions in oblivion; I will forgive all—if they will but leave me this one blessing, this one darling, this my last my only existing child!"

As she said this, Ulrica threw her arms around her kneeling daughter; and she was still weeping upon her neck, when a domestic entered, and announced a herald from the Castle of Frankheim. As all intimacy between the families had ceased, and they now only met on great festivals, or at tournaments, or on some solemn occasion, it was concluded, that the herald's business related to some public occurrence, some imperial edict, or some regulations for the welfare of the Palatinate—the women, therefore, thought proper to withdraw: Ulrica, greatly agitated by the conversation which had just taken place, retired to indulge the agony of maternal regret in her own solitary apartment; and Blanche——

The war was concluded—the troops were dismissed—the knights were returning home.

"Perhaps?" said Blanche, and with a light step and heart full of hope, she fled through the secret passage towards the cave among the rocks.

CHAP. IV.

"Oh! my soul, come not thou into their councils! unto their assembly, mine honour, be not thou united! for in their anger they slew a man, and in their self will they digged a well. Cursed be their anger, for it was fierce—and their wrath, for it was cruel!"

GENESIS.

And the hopes of Blanche were not quite disappointed. It is true, the cave was vacant, but he had been there, for he had left a token that she was not forgotten by him. To-morrow, according to their mutual agreement, she might depend upon seeing once more the youth, whose image gratitude had engraved on her heart in characters never to be effaced and then might she claim his promise of revealing to her his real name, and clearing up the mystery, in which he had hitherto enveloped all that related to him, except his adoration of herself. Satisfied of that most material point, she had hitherto been content to leave every other in obscurity; but now she should know every thing; now her lover would disclose himself, and authorise her disclosing their attachment to her parents; and

precious as they held her, she still feared not their opposing her union with a man whom she loved so tenderly, and by whom she was so tenderly beloved. Besides, her father was sinking into the vale of years, the family required some younger and more active champion to defend them against the nefarious designs of their mortal foe, the cruel and insidious Count of Frankheim, and where could they find a fitter protector than this unknown knight, who had already proved the strength of his arm and valour of his heart so successfully, when he rescued her from the banditti? Oh! when once his bride, she should no longer tremble at the dreadful name of Rediger! all then would be peace, security, and happiness, and while she made these reflections, she pressed the well-known scarf to her lips a thousand and a thousand times.

(To be Continued.)

ELEGANT AND MORAL.

We should often be foiled if satan did but know our hearts: at some times we lay open to evils; and happy it is for us, that *He* only knows it who pities instead of tempting us.

Little do sinners know how near their jollity is to perdition: many times judgement is at the threshold, while drunkenness and asuifet are at the board. Excess is a true argument of folly. We frequently say, that when the drink is in, wit is out; but if wit is not out, drink would not be in.

Till we have sinned, satan is a parasite; when we have sinned, he is a tyrant: what cares he to flatter more, when he hath what he would.

It is the just mercy of our God to measure us by our wills, not by our abilities.

To be lost to sight is to be lost to remembrance; and he who desires to fill a vacancy should be always at hand.

Slanderers are like flies; they pass over the good parts of a man, and indulge on his sores.

Tongues are like race-horses, that run the faster the less weight they carry.

Nature has wisely furnished us with two ears and but one tongue: A most useful lesson, if attended to.

He who is fond of giving advice, wants it himself.

A sure way to please in company, is to seem pleased with your company.

The support of commerce, and the success of armies, though extremely weighty affairs, yet if laid in the balance against the salvation of a soul, are lighter than the downy feather poised against talents of gold.

EXTRACT.

Passion is a fever of the mind, which ever leaves us weaker than it found us. It is the threshold of madness and insanity, and indeed they are so much alike, that they sometimes cannot be distinguished; and their effects are often equally fatal.

The first step to moderation is to perceive that we are falling into a passion. It is much easier wholly to prevent ourselves from falling into a passion, than to keep it within just bounds; that which few can moderate, almost any body may prevent.

A passionate temper renders a man unfit for advice, deprives him of reason, robs him of all that is great or noble in his nature, destroys friendship, changes justice into cruelty, and turns all order into confusion.

Augustus, who was prone to anger, got the following lesson from Athenodorus the philosopher, That so soon as he should feel the first emotions towards anger, he should repeat deliberately the whole letters of the alphabet: for that anger was easily prevented, but not easily subdued. To repress anger, it is a good method to turn the injury into a jest. Socrates having received a blow on the head, observed, that it would be well if people knew when it were necessary to put on a helmet. Being kicked by a boisterous fellow, and his friends wondering at his patience, 'What (said he) if an ass should kick me, must I call him before a judge?' Being attacked with opprobrious language, he calmly observed, that the man was not yet taught to speak respectfully.

THE DEBTOR.

While happier muses sing of heroes bold,
Or winged by fancy skim the flowery vale:
Mine steeped in sorrow—shrank by miseries cold,
Weeps o'er the horrors of the gloomy jail.

Here the pale Debtor, scourged with iron rod,
Pours his low plaints on every passing gale:
Here suffering mothers raise their cries to God,
While their faint offspring seek the narrow vale.

On the damp floor, here naked babes are seen,
Their little hands are raised—their lips are dry;
For bread—for drink, they piteously complain.
As shrunk by famine, faint and cold they lie,

Man does not know with what soul-chilling grief,
The suffering mother turns away her eyes;
While her pale infants moan for that relief
Which she no more can give, to soothe their cries.

On her shrunk breasts two sickly infants hang,
Their shortening means proclaims their end is near;
Their filmy eyes, weak pulse, and rattling lungs,
Tear her chilled heart, and freeze her veins with fear.

The vengeful Creditor, with eyes of fire,
Sneers at her sighs, and scoffs at every groan;
With oaths and curses aggravates his ire,
Drinks all her tears, and mocks at every moan,

The trembling Debtor, mute in bitter woe,
Sees his pale partner spend her tears in vain;
Sees her chilled breast throb weak, and faint, and slow,
While her spent offspring flee from life and pain.

Lost to thy country!—hunted from the world!
Pursued by furies!—made the sport of fiends!
Condemned unheard!—from every refuge hurled!
Bereaved of wife! of children!—void of friends!

Poor suffering outcast! raise thy soul to God,
For man is cruel, and will still pursue;
Man shall pursue thee still, with iron rod,
And still shall scourge thee, and thy pains renew.

Suns still shine, but not for thee shalt shine—
Nor sun, nor star gleams through thy grated hall;
Damps, filth, and vermin—sickly Jews are thine—
Loud shrieks of woe, and sorrow's plaintive call.

Thou couldst not save, when thy sweet William's
moan
Ebb'd gently forth with his last struggling breath;
Weak was thy strength, when'er fair Myra's groan
Fell on thy senses, like the chill of death.

Flee suffering outcast—flee thee home to God!
With him the Debtor finds a sweet repose;
There finds a refuge from the iron rod,
Of stern, relentless, bloody, cruel foes.

Urge, urge thy flight, for in her bloody car,
Hungry and fell, pursuing close behind,
With whips of snakes and 'gory scimitar,'
Rides mad Revenge borne on the groaning wind.

Urge on thy flight, for nought but grief and pain,
Remain for thee in this bleak vale of tears;
'Merry and peace have fled to heaven again,'
Contempt and scorn shall blast thy future years.

'No eye shall pity thee—no hand shall save,'
No tender friend shall greet thee with a tear;
But red Revenge shall scourge thee to thy grave,
Envy shall howl, and dance around thy bier.

HOWARD.

Written under a Lady's Name in a Window.

Three brilliant fair Celinda graced
(There love's artillery lies):
One from her snowy finger blazed.
Two sparkled in her eyes.
The first, which shone with fainter rays,
Could here her name impart:
The others drew her charming face
More deeply on my heart.

ANECDOTES.

As two rustic neighbors were talking together on a late market day, in Droimore, says one to the other, 'Can you tell me, Paddy, what makes candles so dear this season?'—'Why the war,' replied the other. 'Lord bless us! (cried Pat) are they going to fight by candle-light?'

Great surprise being expressed to a certain gentleman, at his having recently given his daughter in marriage to a gentleman with whom he was known to have been at variance and enmity; he answered, 'That man used me ill, and I gave him my daughter in revenge—in pure vengeance.'

A few days since, a person, who was not always minding his own business, while in a large company abruptly attacked another, of whom he had lately been talking with 'Sir, I hear you have called me a d—fool!' I think,' replied the other calmly, 'you are now in a fair way to prove it.'

DR. BUSBY.

The late Dr. Busby having chastised some of the boys at Westminster school, they resolved to revenge it, which they effected in the following manner: They daubed with filth the balustrades of the stairs leading to the school, which the doctor, being infirm, always laid hold of. He was much incensed at the trick, and on reaching school offered a reward of half a crown to any boy that would inform him who had a hand in it. The apprehension of these concerned may be imagined, when a junior boy rose and said, that he would tell, provided the doctor promised not to flog him, which being agreed to, the lad directly exclaimed—'You, sir, you had your hand in it.'

SAGACITY OF A DOG.

A young man going into a place of public entertainment at Paris, was told that his dog could not be permitted to enter, and he was accordingly left with the guard at the door. The young man was scarcely entered the lobby, when his watch was stolen. He returned to the guard, and prayed that his dog might be admitted, as, through his means, he might discover the thief: the dog was suffered to accompany his master, who intimated to the animal that he had lost something: the dog set out immediately, in quest of the *stolen* article, and fastened on the thief, whose guilt on searching him was made apparent, he having no less than six watches in his pocket, which being laid before the dog, he distinguished his master's, took it up by the string, and bore it to him in safety.

THE LADIES.

A solitary philosopher would imagine ladies born with an exemption from care and sorrow, lulled in perpetual quiet and feasted with unmingled pleasure, for what can interrupt the contentment of those upon whom one age has laboured after another to confer honours and accumulate immunities; those to whom rudeness is infamy, and insult is cowardice; whose eye commands the brave, and whose smiles soften the severe; whom the sailor travels to adorn, the soldier bleeds to defend, and the poet wears out his life to celebrate; who claim tribute from every art and science, and for whom all who approach, endeavour to multiply delights without requiring any return but willingness to be pleased.

'An Italian philosopher expressed in his motto, that time was his estate: An estate indeed which will produce nothing without cultivation, but will always abundantly repay the labours of industry, and generally satisfy the most extensive desire, if no part of it be suffered to lie waste by negligence, to be over run with noxious plants, or laid out for shew rather than for use.'

The Weekly Museum.

NEW-YORK, MARCH 13, 1809.

The city inspector reports the death of 23 persons, (of whom 11 were men, 5 women, 3 boys and 4 girls) during the week ending on Saturday last, viz. Of cold 1, consumption 7, convulsions 2, debility 1, decay 1, dropsy 2, fracture 1, pleurisy 3, whooping cough 1, worms 1, and three of small-pox!

We understand that the following arrangements have been made at Washington, for fitting out a portion of the Navy, agreeable to the act of Congress:—Commodore Rogers, is to command the Constitution; Com. Decatur, the United States; Captain Bainbridge, the President; Capt. Hull, the Chesapeake; Capt. Stewart, the Essex; Capt. Smith, the John Adams; and Capt. Robinson, the Wasp. Many new officers have been appointed.—Commodore Rogers is to command on the northern station; Commodore Decatur on the southern. Pub. Adv.

SUICIDE.

On Wednesday last, a stranger put a period to his existence by taking a quantity of laudanum. The circumstances which induced the perpetration of this act, are of a truly distressing nature. The unfortunate man, had for four years, labored under the afflicting complaint of a dropsy in the head, and believing that medical aid might successfully be procured in Virginia, he, accompanied by his wife and three children, set out from Shippensburg, Pennsylvania, (their place of residence) several months since, and sought the aid of some of the most celebrated physicians in Virginia, but without effect. He arrived in this place on Tuesday last, on foot, accompanied by his family; their appearance in passing through the streets, attracted the attention of some of the citizens, who extended to them the hand of charity. They stopped at an Inn, where the poor man, worn down by fatigue, and probably, poverty staring him in the face, his spirits broken, a journey of 90 miles yet before him, and his resolution failing—hurried himself from this world of care, by an act, which, if it could not be justified, is considerably palliated—his name is William Forrest, was a native of Massachusetts and served as a soldier in the revolution. Winchester Gaz.

PHILADELPHIA, MARCH 13.

It is with great satisfaction that we are enabled to state, that the much injured parents, whose child had been stolen from their dwelling house, at or near the corner of Sixth and Catherine streets, in the district of Southwark, on the 18th of February last, after searching, with the most agonizing feelings, the streets of Philadelphia, New-York, and several of the towns of New-Jersey, for two weeks, had the happiness of discovering their LOST INFANT, on Saturday the fourth inst. in a house in the upper part of Suffolk county, state of New-Jersey. The inhuman woman who had stolen the Child and in whose possession it was found, has made her escape. The grateful parents, who arrived in town yesterday, have requested us to tender their sincere thanks to the benevolent Editors, for inserting in their papers the advertisement, which

made known to the public their heart rending bereavement. They also acknowledge with gratitude the kind exertions made on their behalf by the late worthy Mayor and other benevolent citizens.

Every individual has angled out in his imagination a certain period of situation, in which he expects to experience the highest state of human enjoyment. The boy, who longs to be released, from the restraints imposed by parents or teachers, looks forward to manhood as a happy state of independence—as a period in which he shall taste the highest pleasures by being master of his own actions. In the first stage of manhood, happiness is considered as inseparable from a married life. To raise joy, it is then thought necessary to form some social connections, and prove the sweets of domestic endearments. The father of a family hopes to see the time when he shall be able to support, in affluence and splendor—when, by possessing riches he shall be released from all the apprehensions which attend a circumscribed fortune, and which he at present considers as the only obstacles to his felicity.

These different periods, however, are so gradual to their approach, and the expected from each become so familiarized by anticipation, that the changes take place without occasioning any alteration in the sensations of the mind with respect to happiness. As pleasures expected appear near at hand, the mind insensibly extends its views to others at a greater distance, which are as yet new to idea, and have not lost the greater part of their sweetness by long expectation.

SALES AT AUCTION,

BY ROBERT M'MENOMY.

This evening, at half past 5 o'clock, at his Auction-Room, No. 120, Water-street, next to the

Tontine Coffee-House,

A VALUABLE COLLECTION OF BOOKS AND STATIONARY.

March 18, 1809.

1040—1f.

PORTRAIT PAINTING.

Mr. WALDO has just returned from London, where he passed the last three years under the instructions of Mr. Warr, and at the Royal Academy. He has the honour of offering his services, in the line of his profession, to the Ladies and Gentlemen of New-York and its vicinity, at No. 27, Partition-Street.

March 18.

1045—2t

CHARLES SPENCER,

CONFECTIONER,

informs his Friends and the Public, that he has removed to No. 118, Broadway, opposite the City-hotel, where he carries on his business in its various branches, and hopes, by strict attention, still to deserve public patronage. Families supplied with Plum-cake iced and neatly ornamented—Tea-cakes of every description—Pyramids, Ice-cream, Blanch-monge, Jellies, &c.—Country Orders punctually attended to

March 11.

1047—6m

S. DAWSON'S,

WARRANTED DURABLE INK.

FOR WRITING ON LINEN WITH A PEN, FOR SALE

by the quantity or single bottle, at No 3, Peck-Slip, and at the Proprietor's 48, Frankfort-street.

WANTED IMMEDIATELY,

A middle aged WOMAN, to do the work of a small family, inquire at this office. Feb 23

HUTCHINS IMPROVED ALMANACK,

For 1809:

By the Grocer, Dozen, or Single One.

For Sale at this Office.

COURT OF HYMEN.

Say, mighty love, and teach my song,
To whom thy sweetest joys belong.
And who the happy pairs
Whose yielding hearts, and joining hands,
Find blessings twisted with their bands,
To soften all their cares.

MARRIED.

On Sunday evening, the 4th inst. Mr. James P. Moore to Miss Jane Machesney, all of this city.

On Saturday evening last, by the Rev. Mr. Townley, Mr. Stephen Lee, to Miss Rebecca Banker, both of this city.

On Sunday evening last, by the Rev. Bishop Moore, Mr. Isaac Underhill Merchant, to Miss Elizabeth Rhinelander, only daughter of Mr. Philip Rhinelander, all of this city.

On Sunday evening last, by the Rev. Mr. Lyell, Mr. Wm. Mercer, of Newark, to Miss Eliza Vardill, of this city.

On Tuesday evening last, by the Rev. Mr. Lyell, Mr. Robert Ogilby, of the house of Clark and Ogilby, to Miss Ann Cox, all of this city.

At Elizabeth-Town New-Jersey, Mr. David Edwards, to Miss Phoebe Ball. Moses Earl to Miss Polly Coggsill.

At Philadelphia, Mr. George Lowry, to Miss Hannah Horn.

At Baltimore, Mr. Charles Fair to Miss Elizabeth Marr. Wm. Gray, to Miss Catharine Sherry.

Near Baltimore, Thomas Stevens, Esq. to Miss Mary Hendrickson.

MORTALITY.

Yes! all must yield to Death's remorseless rage:
Creation's brow shall wrinkle up with age;
Time shall remove the key stone of the sky:
Heaven's roof shall fall—and all but virtus die.

DIED.

On Sunday evening at his place at Greenwich, Mr. John Staples.

On Tuesday evening last, Mr. Bartholomew MacGrath.

On Tuesday evening last, of a lingering and tedious illness, which she bore with christian fortitude and perfect resignation to the will of her divine Creator, Miss Anne Kavenagh.

On the same evening, after a lingering illness, in the 27th year of her age. Mrs. Margaret Cummings, wife of Mr. William Cummings, merchant of this city.

On Wednesday evening last. Mrs. Catharine MacLean, aged 75.

On Thursday last, after a long and tedious illness, Captain John Ferrier, of the ship Delaware, lately arrived from Greenock. He has left a wife and five children, to lament the loss of one of the best of husbands, and kindest fathers.

On the same day, Mrs. Mary Mathews, in the 84th year of her age.

On the same day, after a lingering illness, Mr. Matthias Mount.

At Canaan, on the 6th inst. after a few days illness, Mrs. Lydia Whiting consort of John Whiting, Esq. of that place.

In Maryland, Samuel Turner, Esq. aged 84 years, and Mrs. Lydia Winchester, of the same age.

At Rockbridge, Virginia, Mr. James Campbell, aged 98 years.

On Wednesday evening last, in the 61st year of her age, Mrs. Philander Brasher, an old and respectable inhabitant of this city.—Of her it may be justly said, that she discharged conscientiously the public, private, and relative duties of life, being a faithful wife, an affectionate mother, and a kind neighbour.

"Heaven gives us friends to bless the present state,
Resumes them, to prepare us for the next."

YOUNG.

How blest! how happy! say departed saint,
Is now thy station near th' Almighty's throne;
But words are wanting; language is too faint
To speak the bliss by saints and angels known.

F.

COURT OF APOLLO.

TIME.

How swiftly *Time* flies, and the longer we live,
Still faster it hastens away:
For what in perspective seemed ages to give,
If retrospect seems but a day.

I've gathered life's roses, and felt the sharp thorn
Which lay in the part where I strayed,
The roses were bright as the vapours of morn
And, alas, like a vapour would fade.

The thorn still remained and it rankled my breast;
When a white pinion'd seraph appeared;
It was mild *Reasonation*—she soothed me to rest,
And the part of my pilgrimage cheered.

She whispered so soft, her voice sunk in my soul,
Vain mortal forbear to repine,
Here the rude passions you learn to control,
Know, pleasures eternal are thine.

She shewed me a female, who placed on a rock,
Immovably fixed seemed to stand,—
The tempest beat round her, she felt not the shock,
Toward Heaven she pointed her hand.

Behold, cried my comforter, shrouded in light;
The Cross decked with triumph appears,
Then say what you know in this valley of night,
Deserving your hopes or your fears!

As she spoke, every flower its beauty renewed,
Her breath was so fragrant and sweet,—
And as the blest sign of *Redemption* I viewed,
The thorn pointless fell at my feet.

Then *Time's* rapid flight I no longer deplore,
His scythe without terror I see—
When his glass shall be broken, his reign be no more,
Eternity opens to me.

WHAT IS HAPPINESS?

It is not Genius! No; his rays,
Are fiercer than the Comet's blaze,
That flings his fiery threats abroad,
Through heaven's illimitable road

Say, is it Rank! Alas! its power,
Is chequered like an April hour;
And, smote by dissipation's sway,
The life of it is shrunk away.

It can't be Beauty; for her charms
Are circled still with wild alarms,
With traitor wishes, fancied truth,
To mock her unsuspecting youth.

Is it the generous Soul? Ah no!
'Tis stung by one continued woe,
Blessings abused and worth elate
Sowing all good, but reaping hate.

'Tis not Perception; for her dart,
But pierces the imperfect heart;
And from Credulity, with pain,
Plucks confidence reposed in vain.

Ah! tell me where the Goddess dwells confest,
That I may woo her to this bleeding breast.

BOOKS AND STATIONARY,

EVERY DESCRIPTION, FOR SALE AT THIS OFFICE.

Bibles, Testaments, Monitors, Spelling-Books, Primers Gough's, Fenning's, Hamilton's, Walsh's, Wal-kingham's, and Dilworth's Arithmetics; Walker's, Sheridan's, Baylie's, Webster's, and Entick's Dic-tionaries. Writing and Letter Paper, Quills, Sealing Wax, Wafers, Ink Powder, Ink Stands, Pencils, In-dian Rubber, Indian Ink, Blank Books, &c.

TORTOISE SHELL COMBS

FOR SALE BY
N SMITH—CHYMICAL PERFUMER
FROM LONDON,
At the Sign of the Golden Rose,
NO 114 BROADWAY

Just received a handsome assortment of Ladies or-namented Combs of the newest fashion—also La-dies plain Tortoise Shell Combs of all kinds

Smith's purified Chymical Cosmetic Wash Bal-lar superior to any other for softening beautifying and preserving the skin from chopping, with an agree-able perfume 4 and 8s each

Gentlemen's Morocco Pouches for travelling, that holds all the shaving apparatus complete in a small compass

Odours of Roses for smelling bottles

Smith's improved Chymical Milk of Rosesse well known for clearing the skin from scurf, pimples red-ness or sunburns, and is very fine for gentlemen after shaving, with printed directions, 3s 4s 8s and 12s bottle, or 3 dollars per quart

Smith's Pomade de Grasse for thickening the hair and keeping it from coming out or turning grey 4s and 8s per pot. Smith's Tooth Paste warranted Violet double scented Rose Hair Powder 2s 6d Smith's Savoyette Royal Paste for washing the skin, making it smooth delicate and fair 4 and 8s per pot, do paste

Smith's Cymical Dentrifice Tooth Powder for the teeth and gums, warranted—2 and 4s per box

Smith's Vegetable Rouge for giving a natural col-our to the complexion, likewise his Vegetable or Pearl Cosmetic, for immediately whitening the skin Smith's superfine Hair-Powder. Almond powder for the skin, 8s per lb

Smith's Circassia or Antique Oil, for curling, gloss-ing and thickening the hair, and preventing it from turning grey 4s per bottle

Highly improved sweet-scented hard and soft Po-matums 1s per pot or roll. Doled do 2s

Smith's Balsamic Lip Salve of Roses, for giving a most beautiful coral red to the lips 2 and 4s per box Smith's Lotion for the teeth warranted

His purified Alpine Shaving Cake, made on chy-mical principles to help the operation of shaving 3s and 1s 6d

Smith's celebrated Corn Plaister 3s per box Ladies and Gentlemen's Pocket Books Ladies silk Braces. Elastic worsted and Cotton Garters, and Eau de Cologne

Salt of Lemons for taking out iron mold
* The best warranted Concave Razors, Elastic Razor Strops, Shaving Boxes, Dressing Cases, Pen-knives, Scissors, Tortoise-shell, Ivory and Horn combs, Superfine white starch, Smelling bottles &c.

Ladies and Gentlemen will not only have a saving but have their goods fresh and free from adultera-tion, which is not the case with imported Perfumery 8 Trunks Marseilles Pomatun

Great allowance to those who buy to sell again January 1, 1808

Elegant accomplishment in the most beautiful display of the vegetable kingdom.

MRS. MARTIN, Professor of Wax-work, No. 12, Broad-street, presents her most respectful services to the fair daughters of America, and informs them, that she teaches Wax-work, either in the taking of likenesses, or in imitating the various fruits of the earth, with their respective foliage, from the creep-ing strawberry to the lofty and delicious anana. She also instructs the making of Artificial Flowers, and various ornaments in Rock and other work—with the method of making Moulds, to cast at pleasure, in the most perfect shape, any thing that may be desired—She will also repair Wax-work.—Her terms for learning the above accomplishments are but Ten Dol-lars, a knowledge of which may be obtained in a few weeks, with only an attendance of two or three hours a day.

February 18, 1809.

1044—tf

CARDS, HANDBILLS &c.
PRINTED AT THIS OFFICE
ON MODERATE TERMS.

RAGS.

Cash given for clean Cotton and Linen RAGS at this office.

FOR SALE, A FARM AND MILLS.

in the County of Orange, State of New-York, two miles from Cornwall Landing, and 60 miles from the City of New-York.—The Farm contains 120 acres, mostly good land, with sufficient meadow and wood, the best kinds of grafted fruit, apples, pears, peaches, plums, &c. a good dwelling-house, barn, and other out-houses, and a well by the door. The Mill is 40 by 30 feet, built of stone. It is a strong building, with two run of Burr stones, and a good stream; and may be converted to carrying on any kind of manu-facture.—The whole is to be sold cheap, and a good title will be given by the subscriber, on the premises

CALEB SUTTON.

December 17, 1808.

1035—tf

LESSONS ON THE PIANO-FORTE.

FREDERICK W. DANNENBERG

Proposes to give Lessons on the Piano-Forte, at his residence, No. 60, Maiden-lane, on the following Terms.

1. To enable him to pay the utmost attention to the progress of his Pupils, he will engage with Only Twelve Scholars.

2. Six scholars to form a Class, and to be taught at a time.

3. Each class to receive their lessons twice a week, from 10 A M to 1 P. M.

4. Each class to consist of scholars of equal capacity, so as to render the instructions in their progress equally beneficial to all.

5. As soon as six scholars have offered, the Tuition to commence.

6. Terms \$ 12 50 cents per quarter, for each scholar. Mr. Dannenberg pledges himself, that his pupils shall have the strictest attention paid to their accom-plishment in this branch of Polite Education.

N. B. He continues giving Private Lessons on the Piano-forte at his House, and attends Ladies at their Houses, if required.

For sale, a very fine toned GRAND PIANO-FORTE, of Messrs. Broadwood and Son London, selected by Mr. Frederick Rausch.

December 10 1808.

1034—tf

CISTERNS,

Made and put in the ground complete warranted tight, by C ALFORD No 15 Catharine street, near the Watch house

LEWIS FORNIQUET

Respectfully informs his Friends and the Public in general, that he has removed to No. 156, Broadway, where he solicits a continuation of their custom, and flatters himself that the quality of his stock, and his attention to business, will meet with their approba-tion. He has lately received, by arrivals from Liver-pool, a new and elegant assortment of London Pearl Jewellery, consisting of Necklaces, Ear-rings, and Pearl Ornaments for the Head, Pearl and Topaz pins, Bracelets and Rings

ON HAND,

A handsome assortment of Pearl, Diamond, and real Topaz Pins, Gold Watch-Chains and Seals, Plain and Cornelian Keys; Gold Ear-rings, Breast-pins, Rings, Locketts, and Bracelets; Silver Tea sets; Table, Tea, and Desert Spoons; Soup Ladles and Fish Knives; Tortoise-shell, Dressing, and Fine Combs, Scissors, Penknives, Best Whitechapel Needles in quarters, and a great variety of other articles too numerous to mention.—He makes all sorts of Hair-work and Elastic Braids, in the Newest Fashion, and at the short-est Notice.

January 28.

1041—tf

A PEW FOR SALE.

The Pew, No. 140, in Christ's Church, being the se-cond from the wall, in the north-west corner of the Church.—For terms apply at No. 104, Maiden-lane,

NEW-YORK,

PUBLISHED BY C. HARRISON

NO. 3 PECK-SLIP.

One Dollar and Fifty Cents per Ann.

PAYABLE HALF IN ADVANCE